

# THE GREAT SALT LAKE MYSTERY

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

Today we have another effort on the part of Mr. Charles S. Pulver, who has undertaken to extricate the principal characters from a position seemingly hopelessly involved by Prof. Welch. Mr. Pulver with the resource of a newspaper writer, has pulled Anderson out of his predicament and following the trend of the narrative has again succeeded in arranging a series of complications which will be more than arduous for the popular young woman who is scheduled to answer the story today. This young lady is known to all of us and we are now wondering what sort of an answer she will give to the very clever chapter written by Mr. Pulver.

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

In Chapter I, George Harris Donahue, a retired mining man of Salt Lake City, his wife and nineteen-year-old daughter, Gladys, the trio have left Salt Lake, registered at the St. Francis in San Francisco, and a few hours later the entire party are chloroformed, and Captain Stark is robbed of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and ten thousand dollars worth of jewels belonging to Mrs. Stark. Marvelous Anderson, the Great Investigator, is called into the case by Manager Woods of the St. Francis, and during the investigation Gladys suddenly disappears, leaving no clue as to her whereabouts. Shortly afterwards Ferguson Thorne, her Salt Lake sweetheart, arrives, and Marvelous Anderson promptly declares he has established the first link in the chain of mystery.

In Chapter II, George A. Sheets, Chief of the Salt Lake Detective Bureau, scientifically adduces the facts that Ferguson Thorne, despite his claim to be in some manner connected with the St. Francis hotel robbery and the disappearance of Gladys Stark, in his investigation Marvelous Anderson has been mentioned as belonging to the D. Remington of Salt Lake City, and the accusing finger of suspicion of Marvelous Anderson is pointed directly at Thorne in the conclusion of Chief Sheets' dramatic deduction.

In Chapter III, Mr. Charles S. Pulver, a former newspaper man, introduces a novel situation when he turns the calcium of suspicion on Ferguson Thorne. He permits Marvelous Anderson to make a flat accusation against Gladys' sweetheart, but at the very climax Anderson hears the frantic voice of Gladys over the phone, telling him that the tell-tale pin worn by Thorne was given him by herself less than a week previous. Girl supposed to be Gladys Stark leaves note for Captain Stark at St. Francis and then again mysteriously disappears. Anderson returns to hotel with Captain Stark and Thorne, and is intercepted by a priest, who hands Captain Stark a package of papers and hastily withdraws.

Chapter IV written by Mr. Joseph E. Kane, secretary of the Commercial club, brings Marvelous Anderson again face to face with the mysterious priest. Anderson accurately discovers the presumed "holy man" is wearing high-heeled shoes and jaunty slouch hose. Captain Stark is then accused by the great detective of being a woman robber for an underhand motive and Marvelous Anderson leaves the St. Francis again declaring the actual solution of the puzzling mystery would be completely solved in a very few hours.

In Chapter V, written by A. S. Fowler, private secretary to Mayor Bassford, Marvelous Anderson meditates upon the various theories thus far adduced in the perplexing mystery. He is mentally endeavoring to solve, he has an argument with House Detective Holmes and later breaks off all relations with Captain Stark. He discovers another mysterious woman mixed in the case, and at the Bismarck cafe finds Thorne, the mysterious woman and an unknown man in secret conference. As the trio leave the cafe, Anderson's latest of a Market street door, jumps into a taxicab and directs the driver to start in pursuit of a rapidly disappearing automobile, which is thought to contain the central figures of the unsolvable mystery.

Mr. Charles V. Kingston, advertising manager of the Keith-O'Brien company, who contributes chapter vi, presents a story full of rapid-fire action. He discovers the big automobile followed by Marvelous Anderson in the taxicab. The chase is a short one, the taxicab loses in the race. Ferguson Thorne accompanies the mysterious woman to the Chinatown opium den, where, on the promise that she confess to the robbery of Capt. Stark's property, that Gladys Stark be released. Thorne agrees, makes con-

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Your Money Back if You Are Not Satisfied With the Medicine We Recommend.

We are so positive that our remedy will permanently relieve constipation, no matter how chronic it may be, that we offer to furnish the medicine at our expense should it fail to produce satisfactory results.

It is worse than useless to attempt to cure constipation with cathartic drugs. Laxatives or cathartics do much harm. They cause the bowels to stagnate and weaken the bowels and tend to make constipation more chronic. Besides, their use becomes a habit that is dangerous.

Constipation is caused by a weakness of the nerves and muscles of the large intestine or descending colon. To expect permanent relief you must therefore tone up and strengthen these organs and restore them to healthier activity.

The discovery of the active principle of our remedy involved the labor of the greatest research chemists. As an active agent it possesses the valuable qualities of being pleasant, non-habit forming, and as being particularly pleasant and prompt in its results.

You want to try Rexall's Orders. We are recommending them. They are exceedingly pleasant to take, being eaten like candy, and are ideal for children, delicate persons and old folks, as well as for the robust. They act directly on the nerves and muscles of the bowels.

They apparently have a neutral action on other associate organs or glands. They do not purge, cause excessive looseness nor create any inconvenience whatever. They may be taken at any time, day or night. They will positively relieve chronic or habitual constipation if not of surgical variety, and the chronic ailments if taken with regularity for a reasonable length of time.

They come in two sizes of packages, 12 tablets, 10 cents, 36 tablets, 25 cents. Sold in Salt Lake only at our stores.—The Rexall Stores, Smith Drug Co. and Druehl & Frank.

## A SECRET FOR WOMEN

Tells How Ugly, Deformed Women Become Superb Figures.

The treatment consists of applying a powerful, harmless, nerve-stimulant direct to the cells of the skin, to be absorbed and utilized to create nourishment of flesh and tissue growth. The most beautiful changes are wrought; ugly, deformed women with scrawny neck, arms and limbs, with no bust development at all visible, are quickly transformed into charming personages with well rounded arms and neck, full normal bust of exquisite curve and proportion, and shapely figure so much admired in our great actresses and society leaders, and so attractive to the other sex always.

Obtain the ingredients separately at any good drug store, and mix carefully at home. Get two ounces of glycerine, three ounces of rose-water, one ounce tincture, cadomene compound (not cardamom) and five cents' worth of borax. Mix the glycerine with tincture cadomene and let stand two hours; then add rosewater and tea-spoonful of borax. Apply morning and night, rubbing it in thoroughly. Then wash with hot water and soap, and dry. It is related that one woman developed a figure that won for her a very, very wealthy husband.

again to the street level, where they found themselves in a restaurant, the same which is in the rear of Yen Kee's bazaar, and where the lady whom Holmes, the house detective of the St. Francis hotel, thought was Gladys Stark, first disappeared.

Seated in a booth in the rear of the restaurant were the mysterious stranger, the priest, and the lady whose resemblance to Gladys Stark had caused much comment; they were so much interested in their conference that they did not notice the entrance of the trio from the rear of the room.

Thorne was near enough to them to hear the priest say: "We have certainly thrown them off the track," when the woman looked up with a shrill cry of alarm.

San Gow had stepped out of sight after a silent survey of Thorne, and Thorne and Anderson filled the exit of the booth.

Anderson was first to speak, and "You three come with me," was his authoritative command, when they rose as if to follow.

The woman fell back as if in a faint; Thorne stepped to her side, and as he was lifting her and applying restoratives, the priest slipped by and Anderson was on him, preventing the mysterious double of Thorne from escaping.

While Anderson cared for his man, Thorne succeeded in bringing the woman to her senses, and as his arms encircled her, she could not but feel surprise at the remarkable likeness to his sweetheart, Gladys Stark. Slowly she regained her strength, and realizing her position forced him from her and stood aloof.

She Tells Her Story.

"But you shall know why I am here. You shall know why Captain Stark's safe was robbed, and you shall know why I resemble Gladys Stark. Captain Stark is my father. He is, and has all his life been, a man of great memory and to me, Ferguson Thorne, I am engaged to marry your cousin, who stands there guarded by that detective, but I would not marry him until I had secured my name. While Captain Stark was in an unconscious condition we secured the paper which gives me the right to bear the name of Stark," and she produced from over her bosom a marriage certificate, yellow with age, and almost illegible. "My name was—," but her strength had gone and she again collapsed.

Thorne lifted her up in his arms and carried her through the now almost deserted cafe, while Anderson, closely guarding Thorne's cousin and double, followed. As they reached the street they took advantage of the first carriage they saw and they were slowly driven, under instructions from Anderson, direct to the hotel.

Few words were spoken during the ride to the hotel, but Thorne managed to convey to Anderson the contents of the note he received from Gladys, including the warning to give up the chase. Anderson, for the first time, felt that Thorne was an ally, and he gave himself unreservedly to Thorne as a friend when he closely pressed his hand in gratitude that Thorne had saved the waiting and saved him from what might have been a very perilous position.

"You have proved yourself to me," said he, "and never again will I have a suspicion as to your conduct." It was later to have occasion to again doubt Thorne, and his promise was recalled to his memory.

Why Don't Stark Talk?

While Thorne and Anderson were untangling their end of the skein of mystery, matters at the St. Francis were still in a state of chaos. Captain Stark had recovered consciousness slowly and when Woods and his assistants had finally reached a point where they could think connectedly they had studied the entanglements until they were further from a solution than ever before.

The disappearance of Gladys Stark and her mother had added to the anxiety of the captain until he felt that there was but one thing to do, and that was to make a clean break of all his past, and when he had stated that he wanted to do this, Holmes, the house detective, was called for.

Mr. Holmes left for the city police headquarters immediately after the appearance of Mrs. Stark and her daughter was discovered and we have had no report from him since. "I was the word from the clerk at the desk," Mr. Holmes said, "left off at Salt Lake," moaned the captain. "I was safe there; my family were safe; my daughter—oh, if I only knew where she is now!"

Captain Stark did not look much like the hale and hearty and well-fed and well-groomed man he was when he boarded the train from Salt Lake to San Francisco. His clothes hung on him; he was a premature old man; his face was wrinkled and his eyes were set far back in his head. The bushy eyebrows made his appearance still more sinister, and yet there was that about the expression of his eyes which plainly indicated that he felt like a hunted animal.

He buried his face in his hands and his great frame shook with his sobs. Finally:

"Now, Woods, I am going to tell you the whole story. You will find in a small drawer in the dresser the package of papers which were returned to me by the priest a few nights ago. Please bring them to me."

Is Woods Interested?

He handed Manager Woods a bunch of keys and chuckled. He said: "I had new locks placed on those two top drawers so I know the papers are safe."

Woods opened the drawer indicated by the captain, and taking therefrom a package of papers carefully folded

Watch this Space for the Most Extraordinary Offer Ever Made

and placed in a heavy paper pouch, he handed them to Stark.

Stark noticed the package, slowly examined the papers one by one, failed apparently to find the paper wanted, and again slipped them through his fingers. Suddenly he started and cried out:

"My God, Woods, the most important one of them is gone!"

He sank down in the chair one of the most abject and disappointed-looking men Woods had ever seen. Woods and the attending physician hurried to him and their alarm was apparent in their faces.

Recovering quickly, Stark waved them away.

"There is no hope now," he said; "let me tell my story. The paper which has disappeared and which is of the greatest value to me and my family, was a certificate of marriage. The present Mrs. Stark is my second wife. My first wife died two years after my marriage. I was not home at the time of her death; I have never told my wife about my first wife. I was told that there was a child by my first wife, but I have never tried to find out whether the statement was true or not. I have hoped that it was not true. My whole life has been given to my wife and Gladys, and I have wanted to protect them from every possible evil."

At the conclusion of this statement Captain Stark again became unconscious, and Manager Woods again assumed his duties as nurse. He was inwardly cursing the luck which should make his house the abiding place of such a monstrous bunch of trouble, and incidentally figuring what should be done about the robbery and its consequences relative to the reputation of the St. Francis.

Mystery Deepens.

"But that does not explain why the thieves stole the money," he mused. "There was probably a child, and

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Carelessness

Is one of the elements we have over come in producing laundry work. A scrutiny of our finished products convinces the patron of the truth of the assertion.

TROY LAUNDRY

"THE LAUNDRY OF QUALITY."

Both Phones 192. 166 Main St.

Young Man Wouldn't Pay

\$40 For An Overcoat!

Do you blame Him?

It was this way—

He came to our store—mad as a hornet—tailor wanted \$40 to make him an overcoat—could only show pictures—couldn't say what style was most suitable for the young fellow—said he'd have to chance it.

What the young man said was—never mind what he said—what he DID was more important:

He looked over our magnificent stock of Young Men's Clothing and tried on some of the new FALL MODELS.

Then he asked if it would hold its shape—particularly in front. We said it would!

A New Coat Free if It Breaks

Well, he took it, and went away pleased—\$20 to the good.

Now, mind you, he isn't the only young fellow we've satisfied in just this way.

Better drop in tomorrow and see what we can do for you in the way of a nobby "College" styled overcoat for \$20.

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Soother, healer, cleanser, cure.

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25,000 drug stores sell Kondon's and

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Stark will have to care for it and acknowledge it even at this late day, but who got the money?"

Neither could Woods understand why Gladys and her mother should have disappeared. There was more to the story than Captain Stark had revealed up to date. The man in the case, the woman in the case, the priest in the case, the disappearance of money, papers, Mrs. Stark and Gladys, all made a part of the manager's muddled brain.

Anderson would come and come quickly. "I don't just like that fellow Thorne," said Woods to himself, and just as he said it Thorne came into the room, followed by Anderson. Thorne's double and Gladys Stark's living image.

"Miss Gladys, your father has had a very bad stroke, and he is just regaining consciousness. He needs you. Ah, Mr. Thorne, you found the lady, I see," said the manager.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Woods, but I am not Mr. Thorne."

"Neither am I Miss Gladys," said the big J. J. Woods had made one wild grab to hold his hat on his head and disappeared down the hall headed for the office.

Note—Mr. Pulver has managed to throw the impossible into the possible. He has extricated Anderson from the depths of ignominy. Thorne is still in the

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timelight and Gladys—poor girl, still

lingers along as the persecuted heroine.

The Mysterious Stranger and the Beau-

tiful Woman to say nothing of poor

Old Investigator Anderson and Mrs.

Stark—of whom we have heard but lit-

tle, are still supposed to be hovering

in the shade of the timelight. The an-

swer is effective in itself—something

must happen—and something must hap-

pen quick. How about poor old Captain

Stark? What is he doing till this time?

Is he still bothering with the game

of the answer? Oh, please—what's the

answer—read The Tribune tomorrow and

you will discover all about it; we have

a headache—due to Thanksgiving—and

we will leave the solution of the Great

Salt Lake Mystery up to you.

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